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The
COMMONWEAL

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Editors: PHILIP BURNHAM, EDWARD SKILLIN, JR.

HARRY LORIN BINSSE, *Managing Editor;* MICHAEL WILLIAMS, *Special Editor;* C. G. PAULDING, *Literary Editor;* JOHN BRUBAKER, *Advertising Manager.*

The Order of Belligerence

HITLER'S COLOSSAL attack upon the Soviet Union does not obscure the fact that the principal battle in the present world is between Germany and England. This is a remarkable historical circumstance, considering the enormous scale of Hitler's new betrayal of a pledged friend, the multiple millions of soldiers engaged on the eastern front and the giant size of Russia compared with England. The huge surprise of Germany's move makes one slow now to join with serene certainty the predictions about the outcome, but the predictions are amazingly uniform, considering again the bulk of the U.S.S.R. and the fact that the Soviet army has been strenuously advertised since before the Nazis themselves began to build up. Still, all in all, objective observation forces the conclusion that for the purposes of the present war, Britain is the major opponent of Germany and the ultimate European objective of Nazi force.

The fight between Germany and Russia does not miraculously change the character of either régime. Their amoral characters are rather reinforced, as Mr. Williams points out in "Views and Reviews" this week. The régime which either Hitler or Stalin would, by victory, establish over controlled territories is known and is very bad. Their systems are radically bad compared with those of the U.S., of England, of nearly all the states of the world. Just what sort of victories either Hitler or Stalin could in practice conceivably obtain, and how their struggles would affect their régimes, cannot be certainly known. From this point it looks most likely that this war will be the end of Stalin. If, during the course of the war, Russia should get rid of the Stalinist communist tyrants and be able to hang on against the Nazis with an organization converted to truly human ends, world enthusiasm would undoubtedly be aroused to a fire that would burn out the Nazi leaders too in very short order. But chances for problems to be solved thus easily are most remote. The big opponent of Germany is not the Soviet—how contemptuous was Hitler's attack on that front!—but the *de facto* Anglo-American bloc.

The unity of this war is most difficult to see. It is a subject of speculation and theorizing, and, on the plane of deliberate purpose, non-existent. The ideological rationalization is hopelessly mixed, and of course it can't be blinked that the welcome to Stalin on the anti-Axis front—logical and inevitable—is not a step toward abstract purification. In the course of governmental actions toward this war, the most prominent constant everywhere is national political-economic interest: secure national sovereignty over resources, communication lines, and markets. Materially and economically the war is in fact many wars and each nation maneuvers in a different war—its own. The material interests of the U.S. are not identical with those of any other contestant.

Because of technological and institutional advance, and because the world is shot to small pieces by spiritual disunity regarding what individual and social purposes ought to be and what norms should regulate action, state acts undertaken in pursuance of state interest are more ungoverned and on a bigger scale than ever before. There are only a few nations, three or four, perhaps, powerful enough to operate in this disorganized, competitive world. We have reached continental if not world-wide strife.

The moral and political element comes plunging back into the realm of important affairs when we consider what the different nations do, and want to do, and can do with the sovereignty they strive to achieve. On principle, where we feel it is possible to be absolute and certain, we condemn Stalinism and Hitlerism. One cannot assert the same certainty in the field of policy, of practical fact—how the U.S. can best use its immense potential but not yet realized material force and its relatively fine social and moral situation (seen not in pride with the feeling that Americans are less unsatisfactory than others, but recognized as we recognize an objective social and moral code with an order of virtues and sins, with gratitude for the advantages this country has been granted, historical, geographic, etc.). The purpose wanted is to diminish the evils of totalitarian

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states and build up an increasingly decent situation here and on a world scale. Primarily it is a spiritual battle, to seek a unity of purpose and morality in the world strong enough to establish a community rather than an empire: to bring peace!

Governed by sympathy for Britain and the conquered nations, and recognizing the fact that these friendly countries have developed their present forms and strength and weakness on the basis of regular communication and exchange with the U.S. (amounting almost to a kind of partnership, or, in the bad things, connivance), the policy of aid for Britain and the others fighting Hitler (in an order regulated by the broader policy) appears to us unassailable, even when one of the others is the U.S.S.R. Thus we cannot in the least follow the odd chain of reasoning in the "America First" advertisements, concluding, in reference to the whole scene, that "This is a war between Fascism and Communism . . . following Hitler's original plan . . ." from which Britain and France deflected him.

Nor can we see in this new monstrous outbreak any valid argument for leaping now and in total fashion into the existing complex of war, as some of the all-outers are hectically urging. Using the Soviet war as an argument for such a policy is very cynical toward that old crusade cry of white versus black, the four freedoms versus dictatorship, etc. The case for American belligerence is weakened and not strengthened by Finland's reluctant renewal of her fight against her despoiler. The current condemnation of the Finns by Swing and other experts, as spiritually defeated and degraded, looks like the most nauseating and hypocritical cant.

The United States constitutes the world's principal (and only important) base of stability. This appears an ever-greater good, which by no means clashes with the interests of England, China, and the rest, including the starvable, killable, redeemable people of the dictatorships and of the subservient countries. This is true even though the number of Germans and Japs liquidated by the United States over the immediate period may have to be limited so that totalitarian warfare will not also blow up America's solidity and disperse America's military and naval and social strength in the anarchic wars now in progress across several oceans.

If There Are Strikes

THE SUDDEN realization on the part of the Communist Party in America that the German military machine and all it represents is a menace to civilization demonstrates again that the Party's Prince Charlie lies indeed over the steppes. As to foreign control of Communist policy all has been said, all has been proved—in one country after another. The cat has been out of the bag so long that it is mangy and old and part of the gutter landscape. Americans who think that Hitler must be defeated, and who have good reasons for thinking so, will not care one way or the other what the communists in America now say, for what they say proceeds primarily from considerations which are foreign equally to American concerns and interests and to the ideology of those who seek to free the world from tyranny.

Yet the fact that the Communist Party now supports the war against Hitler will have a most interesting effect on American labor engaged in national defense projects. Provisionally, of course. For should Stalin be compelled to seek peace in order to save some parts—his part—of his régime, communists in America naturally would be called on—as an asset in Stalin's bargaining—for loyal sabotage of American armament. For the moment however the communists support the war. Presently therefore it may be assumed that communist leadership will not seek to provoke strikes and that if strikes continue the reasons for them must be looked for elsewhere—in legitimate or unreasonable labor demands, in the normal tendency of labor to strengthen its organization and use its power in a developing market, in the competition of the two labor organizations for control, and in the managerial policy of American capitalism. In addition, with the artificial communist stimulus removed, it will now be possible to assay labor's own participation in, or abstention from, the country's war effort. The atmosphere will be clearer.

Price and Production Controls

THE CONSUMER is making the headlines these days more than at any time in the nation's history. In our high-profit, competitive productivist pre-war economy it was not surprising that the interests of Americans as consumers were last in line. Private organizations such as Consumers Research and Consumers Union together won only a few hundred thousand adherents, hardly enough to influence materially annual sales figures of the most popular products. Consumers cooperative stores were concentrated largely in the less populous communities of the North Central States. The government for its part confined itself largely to advice to consumers of a rather general nature in addition to expanding and enforcing the food and drug laws. Current interest in the consumer as such—the effort of Leon Henderson to keep down the prices of passenger cars, refrigerators, furniture and cotton goods, to cite recent items from the papers—seems welcome news. The idea that manufacturers should consult the office of Price Administration and Civilian Supply before putting price increases into effect is equally heartening. And the basis for establishing prices in some industries at least, viz. cotton tex-

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tiles, allows for a decent profit for even the marginal producer.

On the other hand the combination of government control and restriction of supply of strategic basic commodities (even complete allocation of the aluminum supply) with price setting and price restrictions of the OPACS marks a real shift in the nature of the American economy. Although individual American businesses are still operating for profit, this profit is decreasingly determined by the competitive setup and normal limits of the private markets. Government allocations and restrictions are more and more the decisive factor. That the United States will draw closer and closer to a fully planned economy, if not state socialism itself, within the next few years is indicated by the course of OPACS. The first step, to set prices on such basic commodities as copper, steel and combed cotton yarn, worked for a while. But the raising of wages and farm prices began shooting up retail prices anyway, and the shift from normal to defense production curtailed the supply of consumers goods at the very moment they found more money in their pockets. Hence the prospect of more and more price-setting. The point may soon be reached when the prices set would ruin the marginal producer in certain important industries. With full production as the aim, some means would then have to be found to keep the marginal factories operating. It might mean direct government subsidies, two sets of prices or pooling production for the whole industry, with each producer getting his proportionate share of the average margin between production cost and selling price. In any case it would have to be another step away from competitive enterprise. Under the impulsion of the war the American capitalist system is turning into a nationwide planned economy.

Social Justice and St. Patrick's

ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL in New York, as the center of Catholic activities of a major archdiocese and of the largest American city, is often the scene of ceremonies with international connotations. In the past year or so special Masses were offered in the presence of distinguished gatherings for the people of Poland and for the people of France. Just the other day a large congregation assisted at a solemn pontifical Mass for the peace and welfare of the people of Ireland. It seemed to everyone a fitting time for prayer. Yet *Social Justice* in a recent issue goes so far as to object rather obliquely to the fact that St. Patrick's Cathedral was on June 4 the scene of a Mass for the suffering people of Britain offered by Archbishop Spellman. "The Archbishop, in whose arteries flows the blood of Irish emigrants, officiates!" *Social Justice* also refers to the Irish, French and German immigrants who made up the congregation of St. Patrick's a century and a quarter ago and continues: "Indeed, it is Christian to pray for those who persecute and calumniate you! Somehow one suspects that if it were possible, those blessed souls—Irish, French, German—would shed a tear not only for the British sufferers, but for their own flesh and blood when it is not diplomatic at this juncture to use the sacred altar at St. Patrick's for such purposes."

Diffidently we quote the eloquence of *Social Justice* with its "flesh and blood" and "arteries" throbbing in a strange and unpleasant world of atavistic particularisms, nor do we care to get in the habit of using its exclamation points, yet what narrow insolence it is of theirs to specify the blood flowing in the Archbishop's veins! The blood in a priest's veins is the blood of humanity for which he intercedes before God. In the act of the Mass the misery peculiar to each nation bows in submission and in hope. In the prayers at Mass that justice, which this ill-named paper travesties, is freed from any element of revenge, from any perpetuation of hate. The men and women who prayed in St. Patrick's for the suffering British, by the very act of their association with the Archbishop at the altar, rose above nationalism. They demanded justice according to their views, but the justice of God which is inscrutable: they implored mercy. And if only for that moment of silence and prayer—and the despairing ask for guidance and strength—they left nationalism, and its worst and most venomous features, to be exploited, relentlessly and with no Christian compassion, by the writers of *Social Justice*.

Another Bomber Is Ferried Across

JACQUELINE COCHRANE is an upper-bracket pilot. Her current exploit of flying a Hudson bomber across the Atlantic to Britain "without incident," and her announced plan of taking a regular part in the plane-ferrying service, will surprise no one familiar with her record. There are agreeable extra touches to the story in the fact that she carried over on this initial voyage thirty-six pairs of silk stockings for ration-pinched women friends, and that she refused to be photographed on arrival because her slacks were wrinkled. But in saluting a heroine who (like her predecessors Amelia Earhart and Amy Johnson) is both efficient and feminine, it would be just as well to keep our minds straight on the whole subject of women and war. We note, for example, that the *Herald Tribune* is so anxious to celebrate the democratic "comradeship between the sexes which includes both as fighters for the way of life they share," in contrast to Hitler's *kinder-kuchen* conception of women, that it presently finds itself saying: "He has sacrificed plenty of boys no more than fifteen years of age in his air offensive against Great Britain. There is nothing to show that he

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ever considered the use of girl pilots." To which we can only reply that, Germany quite aside, if any nation, Great Britain, for instance, ever took to "sacrificing" girls of fifteen as fighters, it would be too late to save that nation as a civilized and Christian country. The individual woman warrior recurs in history—circumstances may call out an Isabella of Castille, a Joan of Arc; and so into the present, though we would rather see Miss Cochrane flying a plane than machine-gunning an enemy. But there is a profound reason why a morally normal society keeps women out of the front ranks of battle (they are in the rear ranks, of course—every war depends vitally on women). There is first the matter of justice: women must take their risk in another way. But it is also true that, as the special custodians of life, women cannot fittingly deal directly in death; if they did so, the whole moral outlook of society would change. Who does not see that the Soviet women battalions are the mere counterpart in excess of the Nazi-relegated women?

Forum

MR. BURNHAM'S discussion of my Forum article in the June 13th issue of THE COMMONWEAL implies that those who believe that America must enter the present world conflict as an active belligerent and who believe further that Catholics, because of their faith, should be leaders in the fight against the enemies of religion are binding the "transcendent faith" to the temporary political and military policies of our nation. This is a misleading statement.

It is true, as Mr. Burnham points out, that many people fear the consequences of nazism without accepting the necessity of doing something about it. I respect the integrity of such people sufficiently to believe that the hiatus in their thinking results from a grave underestimate of the danger which we face. They do not like nazism. They understand that it complicates our problems. But they do not think we should suffer and die to stop it. In other words they do not think it will destroy America and expand its proscription of Catholicism to this hemisphere if it wins over Britain. I do not care to argue that here. But I do want to state that if those people saw the danger to our religion and our country as I do, I am quite certain they would urge us to fight. I place THE COMMONWEAL editors in that category—I believe they agree that war is sometimes necessary; that loss of self respect and spiritual and moral slavery are worse than war; that there are times when it is sinful not to fight. If they felt that point had now been reached they could not claim that advocacy of war by Catholics confused the faith with politics, they would want war because they believed in something sufficiently to want to defend it. That is why I claim Mr. Burnham's statement is misleading. I would like to know if I am wrong in this analysis of their view because, if I am, our disagreement is based on fundamental moral principles rather than on the interpretation of events.

Mr. Burnham also says that he is not aware of our (that is those who urge war) work for peace. This *is* a fundamental disagreement which centers about the meaning of peace. There are two things we can do. We can accept a nazi "peace" because we believe that the absence of armed conflict is peace. That is the sort of peace which the pacifists and isolationists are working for. It is the kind of peace one may see any day in the morgue or, if it were possible to enter and escape again, a more perfect understanding of its meaning could be gained by a visit to Dachau. That is Hitler's peace. But there is an alternative. We can fight and win and make our own peace. It will not be easy. It will require courage, wisdom and constancy. It is, however, the only way to true peace based on justice and order. Furthermore, if it is to be more than another armistice destined to end as did the armistice of 1918, it will need to be based on Christian principles. Man will have to reaffirm his dependence on God and act as though he believed it. No, all this will not be easy, but it must be accomplished if Hitler's challenge is to be beaten down. Those who ask for a blueprint of the future and foreseeable results are asking for more than God grants to man. Our duty is clear. We must pray for guidance but we cannot let prayer take the place of action. We must do our part fully and bravely. I would like to know whether THE COMMONWEAL would advocate accepting Hitler's terms and Hitler's peace as an alternative to war. If they are anxious that Hitler should not win why do they want other people to do our fighting for us? Both these things mean quitting in the face of danger, an act which in this case certainly comes close to being suicide.

Underlying all the attacks on those of us who see war as the only solution of the dilemma in which we are placed is the belief that we want war. Such an argument has no place in the arguments of honest men. None of us wants war but neither did the nations of Europe. None of us ever wishes to subject himself to the surgeon's knife. There are times, however, when that is necessary. No one believes that a man is better for having lost a limb. His problems remain with him and he is weakened by the operation, but he remains alive and gains the chance to solve his problems. So it is sometimes with nations and war. So it is with us now. We must choose whether we shall refuse the operation and permit the gangrene to spread until it kills us, or whether we shall at last "take up arms against a sea of troubles and by opposing end them."

WILLIAM M. AGAR.

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HITLER and RUSSIA

The length of the war and plans for the "new order" force Hitler's eyes east.

By **Luigi Sturzo**

This article by Don Sturzo, founder of the Italian Popular Party, was written while the world's attention—though obviously not Hitler's—still centered on the Mediterranean. Its achievement in analysis is the more remarkable. THE EDITORS.

AS I WRITE, the German offensive in the Mediterranean Sea is in full swing. Whether Hitler succeeds in taking Suez and the Iraq oil fields, whether this episode of the war lasts all summer or whether the offensive will be held up by subsequent difficulties or by attacks in some other sector, Hitler must inevitably face the problem of Russia. For this problem, from the German point of view, is closely related both to the length of the struggle, to the post-war period and to the German "new order."

* * *

Let us look at the relationship of Hitler's Russian problem to the length of the present conflict. Allowing for extraordinary and unforeseen developments, the war will drag on for two or three years, so long as neither England nor Germany are worn down by undertaking widespread offensive action, and, while taking the initiative to some degree, still keep most of their forces on the defensive waiting for a decisive occasion to arise. Under these circumstances England needs full American aid, and Germany requires all the favors of Russia. This situation gives Hitler full advantage to make any political moves he wants to plan, not only in Europe but also in Africa and Asia: overcoming the doubts, the reluctance and the resistance of France, Spain, and Turkey, and terrorizing Switzerland, Sweden, Portugal and Finland, the only countries still clinging to a precarious neutrality.

To break the present deadlock, in which neither the blockade at sea nor repeated air raids can bring either side to its knees, there must be found a new road for a decisive blow. It is the "nemesis" or the "fate" of Hitler to have now no possibility of a peace of compromise, because the character of his war has obligated him to subjugate all Europe and the periphery of the Continent as well. It would be a partial defeat for Hitler to withdraw from the occupied countries, leaving them some sort of national independence while retaining a certain military supremacy. This would amount to establishing five or ten years or even more of an armed truce, with the Russian and the Anglo-American problems for him unsolved. These problems would still have to be faced, under new conditions in which Hitler, even with a disarmed Europe under his sway, would be in a position of inferiority in the world balance of power. For this reason Hitler must reject the idea of an immediate peace of compromise and look to the eventual rôles of Russia and the United States in a prolongation of this war.

It is plain that Hitler has been seeking to avoid at any cost an open conflict with the United States, or at least to postpone the showdown until after the conquest of Britain. To achieve this aim he is making use of every tool of politics and propaganda: alternate threats and blandishments, false promises, intense preparations disguised by a pretended lack of interest in the Western Hemisphere—all these in the hope that the United States will have to face England's downfall from afar and be persuaded to accept the German conquest on a basis of promised non-interference with the Americas and an unsteady balance of forces in the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. All that requires time. If Hitler thought it possible to hasten England's defeat, he would long since have taken more decisive steps to achieve it. But one of his admitted talents is an expert handling of the means necessary to a desired and clearly envisaged end. In the present instance, he knows that the defeat of England is neither imminent nor even certain in the future.

And so Hitler's attention will probably be focused more and more upon Russia. The Russo-Japanese pact has freed Japan for action in the Pacific. The presence of Russian volunteers in Iraq, Soviet recognition of the Ali Beg Gailani government and the cessation of diplomatic relations with Norway, Belgium, Yugoslavia and Greece show clearly that Russia is becoming more and more enmeshed in German policy, more and more dependent on the whims of Hitler. It is certain that Hitler needs Russian production and the collaboration of Russian industry which German technicians and German discipline alone can fully develop. A Russo-German economic front could take the brunt of long years of war with all their possible complications.

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But such a front is only a means to achieving the end of victory and the "new order." If Hitler finds that victory in the West is slipping through his fingers and that England and the United States cannot be dislodged from the Atlantic, he may see in Russia another goal, a goal of expediency, which in any case might offer him better chances of success.

* * *

Let us now look at the Russian problem in relation to the "new order" which Hitler hopes to establish after the war. In my opinion the national-socialist doctrines of racial purity, economic self-sufficiency and the like are things of the past. All that has come out of this discarded ideological baggage is the age-old idea of German imperialism, of a master race invested with the commission to guide and govern other peoples in a scheme of world domination. And of course this master race would be a dominant caste rather than a whole nation.

But no dominion can be either real or lasting if it is not in some way shared with others; that is, unless it leaves a certain margin for free initiative and certain means to escape from absolute control. Otherwise even a tyranny being without aims and becoming ever more hateful and more hated, forced to exercise a constant maximum of force and tension, would be unable to create any kind of the most elementary "order." For this "order" must have some human basis, a minimum of ideas held in common and of spiritual contacts, even in a world subject to the conqueror. Hence the necessity of some ideological revision of the situation. Russia and Bolshevism in a jumble with Germany and nazism would be of the past. But Russia in spite of Stalin's policy, cannot easily shake off communist ideology because of its hold on the masses, while Germany can easily shed its nazi veneer, first because it is a nation of a far more advanced culture and second because the doctrine of nazism has already lost all meaning. In any case, the very facts are making ripe the ideological revision.

Hitler's post-war choice, if he is not defeated, will be between a continued and more efficacious collaboration with Russia in the "new order," accepting certain of that country's ideas, or else a revival of his anti-communist policy aimed at eliminating Russian influence from Europe.

There is no longer any balance of power between Germany and Russia. Before the war, Russia, by means of its alliances with France and Czechoslovakia and the help of England, could hold Germany at bay. But this balance was destroyed by the Munich agreement of September, 1938, and the Moscow pact of August, 1939. Later the war with Finland showed the weakness of Russia's army (which since then is improving), but up to now, Russia can oppose to Germany only marginal resistance of intrigue or compromise, or threats.

The choice, therefore, is up to Hitler, not to Stalin. For the moment it is convenient for Hitler to enjoy economic and political concessions from Russia, but the time will come when he will weigh the advantages and disadvantages of this collaboration and settle on a definite policy. Meanwhile Stalin must prepare himself for any eventuality. First are his military preparations, of whose extent we have little idea. Then, he could not afford to put Russia's enormous industrial resources in German hands even if he is unable to exploit them himself. He might obtain help from another quarter and this must mean the United States. The problem is not easy to resolve.

Moscow has still another question to face. If Hitler takes the oil fields of Iraq, will he not cast an eye on the Russian oil fields between the Black Sea and the Caspian? With the possession of Iraq and Syria, Hitler would dominate Turkey and Iraq policy, and he would be in a position to threaten European Russia with ease. Amid his gigantic plans for world domination, why should not Hitler become the champion of the independence of the Ukraine, thus constituting a new vassal state reaching from Poland south to the Black Sea; and why should he not return to the idea of an independent Georgia? If Hitler were to mask his new conquests under the guise of an anti-Bolshevik crusade, he would find support from certain quarters in our world. He would regain moral prestige and the idea of a "German peace" would present great attractions. Who can say?

If Hitler does not soon choose this way of creating a vast military empire of Prussian, rather than German, inspiration, it can only mean that he still hopes to win the battle of the Atlantic. But if Hitler is in fact fortunate enough to conquer Great Britain and to lay down his own peace terms without trespassing on Russia, what then is to prevent him, as master of all the strong positions on the Baltic, the Black Sea, the Caspian and the Persian Gulf, from imposing his will on the Soviet? The Ukraine would be ripe for falling into his hands and it is easy to foresee Russia becoming the next battlefield in the imperialistic war of a great militarized power such as the new Germany which, like the Roman empire, must look for new conquests in order to hold itself together. And, in this eventuality, Germany would not be content with the mission of conquering the world with the sword; she would aspire to a complete dominion in the whole technical domain by means of great monopolies reaching out from military organization to the fields of international commerce and productive industry.

In order to reap the maximum returns from his

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victory, Hitler must reduce the conquered peoples to a state of semi-slavery, preventing any attempted rearmament, controlling every field of activity, establishing the basis of all international relations with a lion's share of the spoils reserved to Germany. This is the only way for Hitler to dampen any idea on the part of the United States and whatever may remain of the British Empire to regain their old position in the world. With this method he could control Russia and share with Japan the rule of the Far East.

At the time of the Munich Pact, I was taxed with having too much imagination in my interpretation of Hitler's Napoleonic aspirations in Europe and Asia (at the time I did not include South America). Now, about three years later, these aspirations are very close to becoming an imminent reality. Unless the tide swings in the other direction. . . .

Postscript after June 22

This article, written before the unfolding of recent events, analyzes a situation that had been ripening for some time past. Hitler's decision to break the 10-year pact signed with Moscow on the 23rd of August, 1939, must have been due, first of all, to his foreseeing at least another winter of war and to the realization that, without a large measure of aid from Russia, the food resources over which he had direct control were not enough to sustain his fighting and occupation forces, the German people and—even on a quasi-starvation basis—the peoples of occupied Europe. Moreover, Hitler must have felt that today, rather than tomorrow, it was possible for him to seize without too much trouble the Ukraine and the oil lands, even if the end of the Eastern war should not be reached before the end of the entire world conflict. Germany would have the needed Russian resources, even though it proved necessary for the Nazi army to maintain a defensive front (of no great activity) beyond the regions of the Soviet Union which Hitler covets.

Lastly, Hitler must have been moved by a political consideration. By a desire, that is, to influence American public opinion, in order to prevent United States armed intervention under the name of defense of the freedom of the seas. He could accomplish this either through a peace offensive once victory over Russia (which Hitler must consider certain)is achieved, or by a subsequent immediate and all-out attack on England, which would make any American move come too late. Hitler's calculations might, this time, be fallacious.

Big Injun Wagon-Box Fight

The careers of several western scouts who haven't made Hollywood.

By T. D. Lyons

WHEN the hunting party from Southern Dakota left the warm ranch kitchen on my father's "Big Place," 20 miles southwest of DeSmet, it was agreed that Colonel Jolley and Chief Justice Tripp would not attempt to go on the wild goose hunting expedition with Old Dakoty—"Pike" L'Siou—the following morning. But at 3:45 A. M. my brother and I crept noiselessly out and saw Mr. L'Siou and Zephier Brughier handling the old Civil War musket and two fine 10-gauge double-barrel shot guns by lantern light. Pike made us welcome, and said that our presence would fit in nicely with his plans.

We hitched a team of the bronchos to the buckboard and hauled the two hunters with their guns out to the willow thicket about a half a mile from the School Section. Here the myriads of Canada honkers, brants and gray geese were resting in the big slough which the melting snow had turned into a lake. When we reached the willows, we tied the bronchos to a tree and set out on foot. Pike then explained his strategy of attack upon the slough:

"The wild geese are very suspicious; they will fly high in the air at any unusual sight or sound. The big Norman-Percheron horses have been grazing around the big slough and the geese will not take flight from their presence. If you boys can catch up two of the 'broke horses,' Zeph and I will mount them, driving a bunch of ten or fifteen horses ahead of us. When we get up close enough we will let out a whoop which will make the geese rise, and that's our chance."

When Pike and Zeph mounted the two big work horses, riding bare-back without saddle or bridle, we observed that Mr. L'Siou had rigged a leather belt and scabbard, which enabled him to carry both the Civil War musket and a shotgun. Zeph carried the other shotgun on horseback, and it was evident to us boys that he was not wholly at home on horseback with firearms. We tagged after the hunters at a distance. Pike's plan worked beautifully. A dozen of the big horses trotted

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ahead of the hunters toward the big slough. Then we heard a whoop that would have done credit to Red Cloud, the great Sioux chief, and three sharp reports of gunfire. We ran forward and found that Pike had discharged each barrel of the 10-gauge shotgun with great effect, from horseback. He had then skilfully dismounted and fired the Civil War musket into the rising flock of wild geese. Zeph had not been so lucky. The report of Pike's shotgun had frightened Zeph's mount, and the lurch of the big horse had dumped Zeph onto the ground. Thus he failed to do any shooting. My brother and I waded into the cold water of the big slough and picked up seven fine wild geese which Pike had brought down.

That afternoon Pike asked permission to cook one of the fat birds "antelope fashion." He rigged up a big iron kettle out in the yard, dumped ten pounds of lard into it, made a brisk fire, split the big goose in two lengthwise, and suspended each half by a wire into the kettle of boiling lard. The result was a great success at the supper table that night at the Big Place. Pike explained that he learned the cooking trick from "Bat" Pourriere, who was known to all frontiersmen as "Big Bat," to distinguish him from "Little Bat," another famous frontiersman, who also had Indian blood.

Not "Big Bat," but "Portuguese Phillips"

Colonel Jolley said that he knew Big Bat, and that he had heard that Big Bat was the frontiersman who did such terrible execution by rifle-fire on Red Cloud's braves, at the Wagon-box fight near Fort Fetterman in 1867. Pike said he was not certain but he had heard that honor accorded also to "Portugese" Phillips and to "California" Joe. Judge Tripp said that the Fetterman Massacre near Fort Phil Kearney in December, 1866, had startled all the settlements in Dakota. He explained that at that time, Dakota Territory included all the Powder River country, the Bozeman Trail—at least from Bridger's Ferry to the three Forts (Fort Phil Kearney, Fort Fetterman, and Fort Laramie)—and included the sources of the Yellowstone and the Missouri Rivers. In 1869, he explained, Wyoming Territory was organized. Theophilus Rencontre, who was much older than either Pike or Zeph, said that his recollection was that "Portuguese" Phillips became famous for his great exploit in bringing the news of the Fetterman Massacre from Fort Phil Kearney to Fort Laramie, a distance of 236 miles.

Phillips made the trip alone, riding Colonel Carrington's fine thoroughbred saddle horse, and arrived at Fort Laramie at midnight Christmas Day, having made the trip in four days, travelling only in the darkness and dodging the alert Sioux scouts of Red Cloud's army. The thoroughbred horse fell dead within fifteen minutes after Phillips reached Fort Laramie. After delivering his dispatches which told of the slaughter of Captain Fetterman and his 81 men in Red Cloud's ambush, the scout himself fainted dead away on the ballroom floor of the recreation hall known as "Bedlam," in the presence of the commander.

Scout Phillips received no reward for this great service during his lifetime, but after his death Senator Warren of Wyoming succeeded in getting an appropriation through Congress for his widow, amounting to about $5,000. Pike L'Siou said this feat was matched by Charlie Reynold's great trip, alone, in 25 degrees below zero weather from the Black Hills to Fort Laramie, carrying Custer's dispatches, and he added, Charlie received neither glory nor money for his heroism and endurance. Indeed, in General Terry's report of the disaster at the Little Big Horn where Charlie Reynolds was killed by Sitting Bull's braves, Charlie is referred to merely as a "civilian." Theophilus, who was very proud of his strain of Sioux blood, said that the fortitude and endurance of the two great white scouts was matched by at least one Sioux Indian. He told the tale of the famous run of Rain-in-the-Face, from Fort Abraham Lincoln (Bismarck, N. Dakota) to a point across the Canadian border. Rain-in-the Face had murdered an Army doctor and another white man near the Fort. Captain Tom Custer (the General's brother) courageously arrested him and took him prisoner in the midst of 300 Sioux braves. He was imprisoned in the guard house at the Fort, awaiting his trial for murder, when he managed to escape and made the great run in the dead of winter, without food or aid. Afterwards, at the Little Big Horn, he vented the Redman's revenge by cutting out the brave heart of Captain Tom Custer. Theophilus said he did not believe that "Portuguese" Phillips was in the Wagon-box fight. He had heard that the scout who did such famous execution was Jim Bridger, but that he had reason to believe that Major Bridger was at that time guiding some gold-prospectors.

Pike L'Siou said that California Joe made a wonderful ride after the battle of the Washita, in Indian Territory. Joe carried Custer's dispatches to General Sheridan in Kansas, and made the 110 miles in less than 18 hours. Custer afterwards made California Joe his Chief of Scouts, but Joe celebrated the promotion by such a prolonged and intense spree that before he sobered up, he had been reduced to the rank of mere Scout again. The name given Joe at birth was Moses Milner, but the frontiersmen would no more have recognized him by that name than they would have known the Jim River by the name of Dakota River. The Jim had originally been named the St. James River in honor of Father St. Jacques, a French missionary priest who came among the Sioux before 1700. When Senator Douglas lost

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his Chairmanship of the Committee on Territories over his fight with Buchanan in 1858, a strong Know-Nothing sentiment existed in the country. When the bill to establish Dakota Territory was brought in, in March 1861, it contained a provision "that the River known as Aux Jacques should hereafter be known as the Dakota River." However, the act of Congress in this particular was inoperative and void for all practical purposes. The River is still known as the James, or Jim.

Theophilus said that Big Bat Pourriere was living at Wounded-Knee, in the Black Hills, and that when he went again to visit Napoleon Jack Carrondelet at Fort Pierre, he intended to go on over and see Big Bat and ask him about the Wagon-Box fight. My father said that he had recently been at the Pine Ridge Agency and had listened to a very fine speech made by the Great Ogalalla Sioux Chief, Red Cloud. The Old Chief had become a great friend of the whites, and a fervent Catholic. Judge Tripp said that in his opinion, Red Cloud was the ablest Chief ever produced by the Sioux, although Sitting Bull's fame, due in part to the Custer Massacre, had partly overshadowed Red Cloud. "But," said Judge Tripp, "Red Cloud had a great career. As a young warrior he was ambushed by eight Indian braves, one of whom shot him in the thigh. He was of course unable to move but, lying on the ground with his broken thigh, he did such execution with his Winchester rifle that he succeeded in killing or wounding all of his assailants. By his victory over Captain Fetterman he became the leading war chief of the Sioux. The terrible slaughter which Captain Powell and his 32 soldiers, aided by a famous frontier scout (whether it was Jim Bridger or Old Bat), inflicted on his braves at the Wagon-box fight, did not impair his influence. Subsequently, by his Cossack tactics of harassing wagon trains, soldiers on the march, and even threatening Fort Phil Kearney, he forced the government of the United States to make a treaty with him, abandoning three frontier forts which Red Cloud's young men immediately burned to the ground."

Old Dakoty said that the Wagon-Box fight was the greatest exhibition of coolness and bravery known in the entire West. "But," he added, "Colonel Carrington, the commanding officer of Fort Phil Kearney and Lieutenant General W. T. (Tecumseh) Sherman deserve a lot of credit." Colonel Carrington had requested that his men be immediately furnished with the new breech-loading Springfield rifles instead of the old Civil War muzzle-loaders. General Sherman got these new arms, which had just been perfected, to Fort Phil Kearney by double extra rush. Captain Powell and his men had the new breech-loaders only about two weeks before the day when they formed the Wagon-Box corral with 16 wagon boxes near the "Hated Fort on the Piney." Red Cloud had over 1,200 fine braves, armed with either the muzzle-loading rifle or the bow and arrow. His soldiers were unequalled in the whole United States as skilled horsemen. These braves could stand upright on a galloping Indian pony and hit a silver dollar at 50 yards with a tipped arrow. Red Cloud's nephew led the charge on the Wagon-Box corral. The Indians, though, were ignorant of the fact that the soldiers had breech-loading rifles which would enable them to fire again immediately after the first round. Red Cloud expected to lose 40 or 50 braves in the charge, and thought his superior force could then easily overpower the little band in the Wagon boxes who would have to reload the muzzle-loaders. Instead of that, there was a continuous fire from the breech loaders, and the frontiersman, or scout, whoever he was, fired 300 rounds. Four privates were detailed to load rifles for him. So the Indian charge was broken and the thirty-three men stood off the Red Cloud Army until reinforcements came from the Fort with howitzers. When the shells began to burst at the first fire of the howitzers, the Indians retreated, because one of their maxims of warfare was that they could not fight the "Wagon-guns."

The Sioux: The Greatest Americans

Colonel Jolley said that the Sioux Nations were undoubtedly preeminent among all the American Indians for bravery in war, for eloquence, for statesmanship, and for the number of eminent Chiefs they produced. "What other Indian Tribe," he asked, "has a roll of names like Red Cloud, Running Antelope, Sitting Bull, Spotted Tail, Crazy Horse, Gall, John Grass, and many others? At least three of their great men rank equally with the great Tecumseh, and perhaps overshadow him. Sitting Bull implacably defended a lost cause, and would have neither truce nor peace with those whom he considered the robbers of his Nation. I think that it is a severe commentary on the white man's civilization that it doomed to extinction the buffalo, the broncho, and the magnificent Sioux savages."

Theophilus Rencontre spoke rather vauntingly of the superior policy of the French in dealing with the Sioux, and bitterly condemned the Canadian government for its execution of the famous French half-breed, Louis Riel, who led the rebellion of the Red River half-breeds against the Dominion government. A full discussion of the Pembina country seemed imminent, but Judge Tripp and Colonel Jolley announced that they must leave early the next morning for Sioux Falls, and the discussion was adjourned without settling finally and to full agreement the point as to the identity of the frontiersmen who did the wonderful shooting in the Wagon-Box fight.

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Sir James Frazer

By THEODORE M. AVERY, JR.

THE DEATH of Sir James George Frazer on May 7, followed a day later by that of his wife, the former Miss Lilly Grove whom he had married in 1896, calls our attention to one of the most renowned of anthropological authors whose long and fruitful career embraced the greater part of the development of this modern science. He was born in Glasgow, January 1, 1854, the son of Daniel Frazer of the firm of Frazer and Green, chemists and druggists, and was educated successively at Mr. Munsie's school, Springfield Academy and Larchfield Academy. At Glasgow University, G. G. Ramsay turned his attention to classical and especially Greek studies, and then, because of the High Church tendencies at Oxford, his education was completed at Trinity College, Cambridge. Here a treatise on the growth of Plato's ideal theory secured him a fellowship in 1879 which was renewed three times and finally granted to him for life. His first publication was a revision of Long's edition of Sallust's "Catalina and Iugurtha."

Frazer's interest in primitive society, first aroused by reading Tylor, received marked encouragement from his personal relations with William Robertson Smith. Consequently an Encyclopedia article was enlarged to become his first important book, "Totemism" (1881). "The term, totemism," defined in Notes and Queries on Anthropology, "is used for a form of social organization and magico-religious practice, of which the central feature is the association of certain groups (usually clans) within a tribe, with certain species of animate or inanimate things, different groups being associated with different species." This book, appearing less than twenty years after McLennan's pioneer essays, is noteworthy for being the first general collection of the pertinent facts. It finally grew into the huge "Totemism and Exogamy" (4 vols. 1910).

The reputation of Sir James rests chiefly upon his principal work, "The Golden Bough" (London, 2 vols., 1890). In the course of preparing a general treatise on primitive superstition and religion, he became interested in the strange rule of the priesthood or sacred kingships of Nemi and the legend of the Golden Bough immortalized by Virgil. Since the discovery of similar rules formerly imposed on the kings in Southern India suggested an explanation, Frazer decided to produce a separate work devoted to this specific problem. In these vivid words he described the recurring tragedy at the sanctuary of Diana.

> Down to the decline of Rome a custom was observed there which seems to transport us at once from civilization to savagery. In the sacred grove there grew a certain tree round which at any time of the day, and probably far into the night, a grim figure might be seen to prowl. In his hand he carried a drawn sword, and he kept peering warily about him as if at every instant he expected to be set upon by an enemy. He was a priest and a murderer; and the man for whom he looked was sooner or later to murder him and hold the priesthood in his stead. Such was the rule of the sanctuary. A candidate for the priesthood could only succeed to office by slaying the priest, and having slain him, he retained office till he was himself slain by a stronger or a craftier.
>
> Only a runaway slave was allowed to break off, if he could, one of the boughs. Success in the attempt entitled him to fight the priest in single combat, and if he slew him he reigned in his stead with the title of King of the Wood (Rex Nemorensis).

To explain this anomalous rule which has no parallel in classical antiquity and is undoubtedly of primitive origin, Frazer pursued the methods that were common to the evolutionary sociologists of a half a century ago. The discovery of analogous customs among the most widespread populations had convinced them of the psychic unity of all mankind: that everywhere the human mind obeyed the same laws, and, consequently, similar phenomena could be interpretated as the result of a process which operated among all races. Therefore, if it proved possible to discern the motives which accounted for rituals similar to that of the Arician priesthood of Diana but found among barbarous peoples, then, obviously, similar motives would account for the origin of the custom at Nemi. Not content with this, Sir James went so far as to maintain that "the popular superstitions and customs of the peasantry are by far the fullest and most trustworthy evidence we possess as to the primitive religion of the Aryans," in comparison to which the most ancient books are worth little. The European peasants remain pagans and savages at heart scarcely affected by the progress of modern civilization.

Particularly did he acknowledge the influence of Sir Edward Tylor, W. Mannhardt and Robertson Smith. From the latter he believed he derived his central idea of the conception of the slain god, and moreover he conceded that without Mannhardt's collections of peasant lore his own work could not have been completed. In this, the first edition of "The Golden Bough," Frazer inferred that the priest-king was an embodiment of a tree spirit who at an earlier period was annually slain as an incarnate deity. He agreed with Mannhardt that the spring, mid-summer and harvest festivals were originally magic rites to control the plants, cattle, rain and sunshine.

A second edition (3 vols., 1900) in turn was superseded by the twelve volume classic (1911-1915), a veritable encyclopedia of ethnological and historical lore, most of which, as the author himself virtually admitted, had nothing to do with his original purpose. For not only did the at-

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tempt to settle one question raise many more but as his researches continued his views constantly changed. Accordingly, in the preface to "Balder the Beautiful" (1913) he was less than ever disposed to lay weight on the analogy between the Norse god and the Italian priest, but found that it served as an excellent pretext for discussing both the general question of the external soul in popular superstition and the fire-festivals of Europe.

It would be a difficult and even an unprofitable task to try to retrace the ramifications of Frazer's thought. Yet his famous theory of Magic and Religion which received its final elaboration in the third edition of "The Magic Art and the Evolution of Kings" (1911), deserves more than a passing notice. Fundamental to both magic and science was a faith in the order and uniformity of nature, their essential difference being that the magician misunderstands the true character of the particular laws that operate. But religion he defined as "a propitiation or conciliation of powers superior to man which are believed to direct and control the cause of nature and of human life." Since magic was founded upon the most elementary processes of human thought and was psychologically more simple it must have preceded religion in the evolution of human thought. And it was after the failure of magic that religion originated, when philosophical minds acknowledged the existence of powers beyond their control. Empirically Frazer confirmed his views from the practices of the central Australians, the most primitive of men, and the contrast which the diversity of religions made to the fundamental sameness of sympathetic magic wherever it was found.

In the latter part of his life, Sir James never ceased from his labors in adding to his stock or ethnological facts, but unfortunately he seemed to have been unwilling to take part in theoretical or critical discussions. Thus in "Aftermath: a Supplement to the Golden Bough" (1936), he maintained that he had sought to base his conclusions on a strict induction from well authenticated facts which he now extended and strengthened without remodeling the superstructure of theory which he saw no reason to change. But as always he held his theories very lightly and was willing to modify or abandon them in the light of new evidence.

About 1934, Sir James' eyesight almost completely failed, so Lady Frazer secured the services of Mr. Robert Angus Downie, through which his last works were produced. She then, against the judgment of her husband, determined to utilize his voluminous notebooks. By carefully conserving funds granted by certain learned bodies and by drawing upon her own slender financial resources, it became possible for Percy Lund Humphries & Co., Ltd. to publish four splendid volumes in 1938-39, the "Anthologia Anthropologica," arranged and edited by Mr. Downie. Since they consist of extracts, frequently copied from old and scarce works, they appear to be invaluable source books and were favorably received by the English press. Mr. Downie is also the author of "James George Frazer: the Portrait of a Scholar" (London, Watts & Co., 1940, distributed here by Macmillan), to the best of my knowledge the only study of Frazer in existence.

So great has been the fame of "The Golden Bough," that many fail to appreciate the variety and scope of Frazer's other works. These include "Lectures on the Early History of Kingship," (1905); "Psyche's Task" (1909); "The Belief in Immortality and the Worship of the Dead," (3 vols., 1913-1924); "Folklore in the Old Testament" (3 vols., 1918), in the preparation of which he considered it necessary to learn Hebrew; "The Worship of Nature" (1926); and "The Fear of the Dead in Primitive Religion" (3 vols., 1933-1936). In addition there are his classical works: editions of Pausanias' "Description of Greece" (6 vols., 1898) and the "Fasti" of Ovid (5 vols., 1929), and also he was an enthusiastic student of Addison and Cowper. Frazer was knighted in 1914 in England, and on the whole he was also highly honored in France.

Critical estimates of Frazer's significance vary, and few will dispute his own claim that his works will survive for the facts they contain rather than for his intellectual contributions. A beautiful literary style, together with his great erudition, have given his works a tremendous vogue, and yet the critical American estimate has been summarized by Father John M. Cooper: "Most of Frazer's theories are not taken seriously by most anthropologists."

Inferences drawn from his writings have undoubtedly undermined much formal religious dogma, because they convey the impression that Christianity is but one of the countless Oriental cults. Hence Catholic writers invariably attack them. On the other hand Father Schmidt praises "Totemism and Exogamy" as the foundation of all collections of totemic materials which finally demonstrated the non-religious character of totemism. In addition to the easily obtained and well known reviews of R. H. Lowie and A. Goldenweiser, no interested reader should overlook those of Alan Gardiner (*Journal of Egyptian Archaeology*, II, 1915, pp. 121-126), C. G. Seligman, "Egypt and Negro Africa" (1934), and R. S. Conway "Harvard Lectures on the Vergilian Age," (1928). Dr. Gardiner provides a detailed commentary on Osiris and the Obscure Sed festival; the researches of Seligman do much to vindicate Frazer's concepts of Divine Kingship; and Conway's essay is noteworthy for indicating Frazer's uncritical handling of certain classical sources and is almost flippant in the manner in which he dismisses Sir James's theories.

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St. Bart's Went Begging

By EDWIN RYAN

DOWN in the West Indies, about one hundred and thirty miles from Guadeloupe, lies the tiny island of St. Bartholomew, or St. Bart's, as it is often called. It is a mere dot of a place, with an area of about eight square miles. Its population of less than four thousand is English-speaking, though almost entirely of French-Negro blood. Its sole harbor, which is also the capital, is Gustavia, safe but not large enough to be of any special importance. All about the island are shallows and rocks which cause considerable difficulty to anyone trying to get in or out; but few indeed are the visitors, since St. Bart's is off "the beaten track" and there is not much there anyhow to invite a visitor. So the little dependency of Guadeloupe is one of the least known of all the West Indian islands and since it seems to possess little commercial importance the reader may wonder why I am taking the trouble to write about it at all. The reason is that the island, insignificant in itself, has more than once drawn the attention of our government and has been the occasion for an exposition of our attitude toward European possessions in this hemisphere, an exposition which is of particular import today. For the transfer of St. Bart's from Sweden to France, the solitary instance of such a transfer which has proved permanent, provides an interesting episode in the history of the Monroe Doctrine.

The island was first occupied by the French shortly before the middle of the seventeenth century. A few years later it was turned over to the Knights of Malta to be held as a fief of France, but that arrangement did not last long and before 1660 it was handed to the French West India Company. With the exception of a brief English occupation in 1781 it remained French until 1785, in which year it was sold to Sweden, a power which after playing a minor rôle in American colonization had disappeared from the scene. The King of Sweden then was Gustavus III, who entertained ambitious dreams for the aggrandizement of his country, and one of those dreams was the development of colonies. He had tried to purchase Cuba or Puerto Rico from Spain and had not succeeded. Then he turned to France and finally persuaded that country to sell him St. Bart's, part of the consideration being certain mercantile privileges to be enjoyed by the French in the Swedish port of Gothenburg. Thus Sweden re-entered upon the American scene; and since the colonies of England in North America had only just won their independence and had not yet drawn up their constitution there was nothing they could do about it, even supposing that they knew of the matter and thought of doing anything.

St. Bart's was certainly a modest beginning for an "over-seas empire" and if the king of Sweden expected it to prove the first step toward making his country a colonial power he must have had a vivid imagination. Certainly, the Swedish people did not take much stock in it and the King's ministers seem to have had no heart in the affair at all. Nevertheless, a "Swedish West India Company" was chartered to develop the acquisition and attempts were launched to make something of it; but it soon became clear that St. Bart's was a liability rather than an asset and before the end of the century Sweden tried to get rid of it by offering to sell it to the United States. The offer was declined and St. Bart's remained Swedish.

Three times during the first half of the nineteenth century the island figured in our diplomatic history: In 1823 an armed expedition intending to assist the Spanish Americans in their struggle against Spain and financed by people from the United States set out from Gustavia. Five years later a Buenos Aires privateer was engaged in combat with a United States war vessel in the same harbor. Both those incidents led to some diplomatic correspondence but happily neither became grave. Then in 1845 Sweden again offered to sell the island to us and the offer was again declined.

Soon after the War Between the States was ended (in 1868, to be precise) a third offer was made to us but was withdrawn when the Swedish government became convinced that the United States was not going to buy the Virgin Islands from Denmark and was therefore not in a purchasing mood. Immediately afterward, however, a fourth offer was made, this time not to sell us the island but to *give* it to us, and so eager were the Swedes to get rid of their "colonial empire" that, feeling that even as a gift St. Bart's might prove not sufficiently attractive, they added the inducement that by taking it we would be keeping Italy from getting it, as that country then wanted to do. Again we declined, even though it would not have cost us a cent to accept, and at the same time Hamilton Fish, the Secretary of State, notified Sweden that a transfer to Italy would be against "that cardinal policy of the United States which objects to new colonies of European governments in this hemisphere."

That clear affirmation that we could not countenance the transfer of American territory from one European country to another did not, however, deter Sweden from putting St. Bart's into the market again, this time with France as the possible purchaser. When our government got wind of the matter representations were made but they were too late, for the treaty was signed before we knew it and thus at last Sweden got the priceless possession off her hands. When the United States reaffirmed its attitude Sweden answered that selling the island to France was not

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creating a "new" European possession in America, seeing that France had owned the island before. What impression that argument made on our government was of little moment since the deal had already been closed. In 1879 the French flag was again raised over St. Bart's and has been flying over it ever since.

But it is important to recall those words of Fish quoted above, for they show that the United States attitude toward inter-European transfers of American territory is not something new. On the contrary, in joining the other American nations in a recent declaration on the subject our government has but reaffirmed a policy which has long been held as a corollary of the Monroe Doctrine. In the St. Bart's affair we found ourselves confronted by an accomplished fact to oppose which might have had consequences more serious than may have seemed warranted by the situation. But as far as principle is concerned the record is clear, so that the fact that France and Sweden struck the bargain and carried it out cannot be cited as evidence of a weakening on our part. The position we hold today is the position we have always held, though the present status of St. Bart's may at first sight seem an awkward fact to get over.

Looking back now, however, in the light of later events, one is inclined to regret that we did not take the island when we had so many chances. It is near Guadeloupe, it is not very far from the British island of St. Kitt's, and its possession by us today might make a difference if the question of the French West Indies should become acute. But there is no use in crying over spilled milk.

Views & Reviews

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

UP TO THE VERY HOUR in which on a front extending over two thousand miles from north to south the Nazi massed armies, preceded by storms of aerial bombardment, were launched against the massed Russian armies, beginning the greatest event of the world revolution up to now, most influential American publicists believed, almost to a man, that there would be no fighting. Interpreting the course of the revolution, or war, whichever term they use, to the American public they predicted that there would be no Nazi attack on Russia, nor any Russian attack against the Nazis. All the reports about frontier incidents, war preparations, demands made upon Stalin by Hitler or Hitler's agents, were almost completely dismissed as another campaign of nerves.

And that war of nerves itself was supposed by most of the "experts" to be intended merely to cover up preparations for an even closer alliance of Russian and German forces on all fronts. Some of the commentators supposed that this alliance was fully deliberate and completely acceptable to both sides, and would serve as the solid foundation for a still more extensive alliance including Japan and Italy, with numerous satellites such as Spain and Rumania and Hungary—all among the "have not" nations—for a concerted and coordinated world-war against the British Commonwealth of Nations, the United States, and for the territories and products dominated by the English-speaking nations. Other commentators did not accept the theory of willing cooperation between Russia and Germany, more or less acting as equal partners, but accepted the view that Stalin was Hitler's tool and dupe and eventual victim. But, at all events, willingly or unwillingly, in their opinion Stalin was going to give Hitler practically all that the latter and his generals demanded, without war. The threat of war, implied by the frontier incidents, was serving merely to camouflage the situation in order to deceive the enemies of Germany and, perhaps, the Russian people and the German people as well.

Now comes the war—confounding all such predictions and interpretations. The only comment upon the extraordinary nature of this latest episode of the world revolution that makes sense of any sort commensurate with the nature of the event itself, was in Mrs. Anne O'Hare McCormick's column in the New York *Times* last Monday (June 23). Said Mrs. McCormick, who herself, be it gratefully remembered by all readers who have tried to fathom the bewildering torrents of catastrophes launched upon the world of late, is one of the best informed and most "objective" of all the commentators on world affairs: "The war proclamations delivered yesterday by Hitler, and Molotoff as the mouthpiece of Stalin, sound like a dialogue in hell, supposing hell to be some subcellar in the moral universe where evil is good and falsehood is truth. Each accuses the other of 'unparalleled perfidy'; each charges the other with all the crimes he himself has committed; each calls the other a liar and a traitor. As the curtain-raiser for an act of aggression that breaks all precedents, as Hitler boasts, for an invasion that begins at the White Sea and does not end at the Black Sea, these speeches strike the perfect key."

Perhaps Mrs. McCormick is being even more "objective" in using such language, perhaps she is being even more "factual" and "realistic," as the cant phrases of journalism run, than all the writers who stick to the things they consider to be factual, and objective, and realistic. The psychology of deceit and humbug and treachery—the science of moral and spiritual subversion of all natural and supernatural moral values heretofore accepted by Christian and even non-Christian people now being employed as instruments of the world revolution—are on such a gigantic scale that possibly a direct invasion of the souls and minds of many key-figures in the world revolution by spirits of pure evil may be the only satisfying explanation. The present writer, for one, long ago reached that conclusion. To him, the present world revolution is fundamental in the sense that its center is a struggle of spiritual evil for mastery of humanity, in which the only hope for humanity's survival depends far more upon human reliance on the Church than upon any other force.

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Communications

PIERRE TOUSSAINT

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: Pierre Toussaint, the saintly Negro Catholic who lived in New York over a hundred years ago and who was one of the trustees of Old St. Peter's Church, died June 30, 1853, and was buried in Old St. Patrick's graveyard (Prince, Mott and Mulberry Streets).

Born in Haiti, he came to New York in 1807. He was a skilled hair dresser and had a large clientele in the fashionable circles of the city. He attended Mass each day and devoted a large part of his earnings and considerable of his time to works of charity. Several biographers have paid high tribute to his life as that of an exemplary Catholic layman.

During the last decade several unsuccessful attempts were made to locate his grave. Last month a young student from Seton Hall College, Charles H. McTague, after a very exhaustive search of the records, found the grave and deciphered the headstone.

The Catholic Interracial Council is sponsoring a visit to the graveyard next Sunday, June 29, at 3:30 P.M., where tribute will be paid and a memorial wreath will be placed at the grave. The brief ceremony will be followed by Benediction in the church. Readers of THE COMMONWEAL and their friends are cordially invited to attend.

GEORGE K. HUNTON, *Secretary,*
Catholic Interracial Council.

OUR DUTY TO BRITAIN

Falls Church, Va.

TO the Editors: I was interested to see the issues of THE COMMONWEAL for June 6, containing letters from Miss Marie Duff and from Messrs. John Vernou Bouvier and John Scanlon, and the issue for June 13, containing Mr. Frank Cullen Brophy's article discussing my article entitled "Our Duty to Great Britain" which appeared in your May 23 issue. The flat contradiction between Miss Duff who thinks I am a dirty British agent and Mr. Bouvier who thinks I am a dirty isolationist pleases me. For it makes me feel that I did after all write factually, unemotionally, and objectively. I do regret a little that two of your correspondents take irony literally but that is the penalty an author always pays for fooling with satire in the first place.

I note, however, that something is said about the "palpable inaccuracies" in my "alleged statistical data." Now, as I thought I indicated in the article, my material came from British sources. I find relatively few statistics in the article. The two or three figures given on p. 105 are directly attributed to the London *Economist.* The relatively few statistical data given on p. 106 come from the same source (I give the date of issue in the article).

A correspondent in the usually reliable New York *Times* for March 9, 1941, said that Germany planned to spend 72 percent of her income on the war in 1941, which would be the equivalent of an expenditure of $57,600,000,000 for the United States. Great Britain was then said to be spending $20 billions annually and we had appropriated so far only $17½ billions. Figures very close to these have appeared in several authoritative sources and they are considered quite reliable. That we must steel ourselves to expend from $40 to $50 billions a year for a number of years on war purposes has been conceded by the OPM since I hazarded this estimate in my article. Several speeches by prominent defense officials make it clear that our expenditures must be in this region.

I am not for or against war. I am merely an analyst and an observer. I like to face facts and to accept reality. I never can see any reason for perpetuating either wishful thinking or secular myths. I am not propagandizing at all. I sought merely to acquaint American readers with the way in which leading British authorities think, and to state directly, grimly perhaps, what our entering the war involved.

That we were in a year before we knew it is not surprising in that this is a modern, streamlined war quite unlike the anachronistic conflicts of twenty or so years ago. We entered May 16, 1940. Everything since then has simply concerned the degree of our active participation as occasion arose and as events determined.

T. SWANN HARDING.

DEBATE ON RELEASED TIME

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: My attention has been called to your editorial paragraph of May 30 entitled "Debate on Released Time" in which there are some misapprehensions which I know you will want cleared up.

First, there was no debate since Dr. Clinchy was compelled to leave early. *Second,* your linking my attack on released time with the attack of anti-religionists is unfair. I hold with you the doctrine that religion is an integral part of true education, as it is of all true living. That is basic to all I have said or written.

You say quite rightly that this doctrine should be debated first in any debate on the released time law. That is what I started to talk about in the debate under discussion when I was interrupted by the chairman and told to keep to the subject. Since it was I who called out what you term the "old bogeys" of clerical fascism, making "a hard demand on the charity of the intelligent listener," may I make a further demand on the intelligence of your charitable readers.

These "old bogeys" need no calling out. They are out. They walk through the world. Europe is under their heels. They raise their voices in this country demanding state aid for parochial schools. You know it as well as I do. "The growth of secularism," said Bishop John Mark Gannon, Chairman of the Press department of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, "is alarming and we frankly make our plea to the government to support our efforts in the field of Christian education." You must have read "The Church and the State" by Ryan and Millar. Surely you must be aware of the ranting of Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen, against the paganism of our secular education. These are all dangerous, disruptive, divisive tendencies.

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I attack released time at one point and at one point only, that is, in that it establishes an administrative connection between the church and the state. Although I have insisted that church instruction is not necessarily religious instruction, this does not mean I oppose church instruction. I am very much in favor of church instruction. If we as citizens decide that Sunday does not give enough time for church instruction, then let us put aside another day in the middle of the week for further church instruction. Thus our schools may remain clear of sectarian connection.

At no time did I intimate that released time had been intentionally initiated as a weapon of clerical fascism. I did say that it *may be used* as such a weapon. It is a commonplace of contemporary history that kindly liberal folk prepare the noose of their own destruction, place it around their neck and hand the end of the rope to Mr. Hitler.

KENNETH LESLIE, *Editor,*
Protestant Digest.

THE COMMONWEAL *wishes to present the circumstances, for news of which we had to rely on the newspapers, and the issues, correctly. We are grateful to Mr. Leslie for clearing that matter up, and we are also grateful to him for making clear his agreement with us on the proposition that religion is an integral part of true education. We still think that "released time" may be a means to achieve this end and need have no relation to a "church-controlled state." Would Mr. Leslie attack Congress and the Army and Navy because, by supporting the institution of chaplains, they maintain "an administrative connection between Church and State"? Does Mr. Leslie seriously maintain that it is "clerical fascism" under whose heel Europe now suffers? Is it "dangerous, disruptive [and] divisive" to lament the education which has led to the world's present condition? . . . If we cannot differ with Mr. Leslie on one subject, we can unfortunately find some others on which to do so. If Mr. Leslie, who, to maintain the same rhythm, looks to us rather bewitched, bothered and bewildered, does not write like a bogeyman, he certainly writes like a bogey-seeing-man.—The Editors.*

The Screen

Revolt of the Little People

ADMIRERS of Damon Runyon's stories about guys and dolls will find *"Tight Shoes"* much to their liking. It is a faithful transcription full of Runyonesque that is always pervaded with a sense of someone recounting a tall tale sprinkled with salty humor and Runyon's version of Broadway lingo with all the sentences in the historic present. Albert Rogell has directed the script by Leonard Spigelgass and Art Arthur to preserve the Runyon flavor and has succeeded with the aid of a well-chosen cast. It's a pair of tight shoes that helps Jimmy, the college-graduate shoe clerk (John Howard) in his rebellion against corrupt politicians and gangsters who run the city government. Jimmy is a minor Great McGinty and Joe Doe; and while this film about him has none of the subtlety or pretension of the pictures about those other

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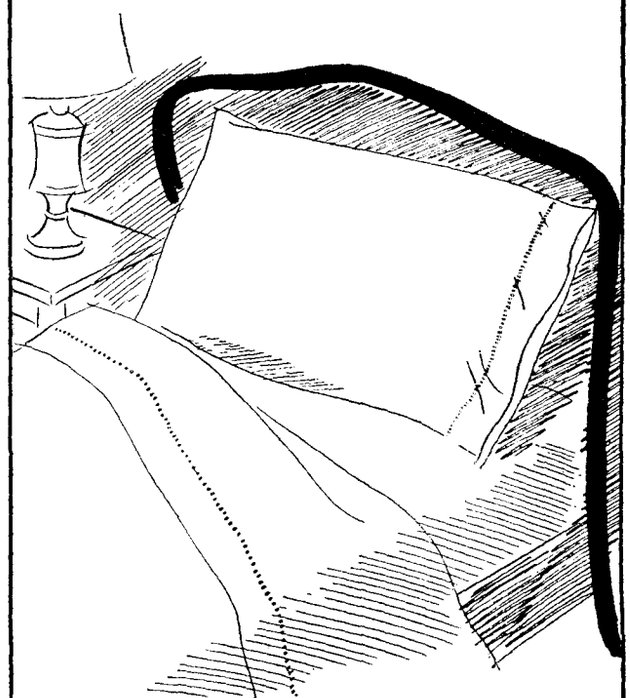

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two civic-spirited citizens, it does have fun in its own way in portraying the very human characters surrounding and opposing this little guy. Brod Crawford is a natural as The Brain's right-hand man in charge of rackets. It just breaks his heart when his sweetpea (Binnie Barnes) does a strip tease to aid Jimmy in electioneering instead of Brod's own crooked candidate, Honest John Beebie. Anne Gwynne is on hand as the doll who gets rightly indignant; for three years she waited for Jimmy, and then when fame and fortune come his way, he gets too friendly with Brod's doll, Binnie. And there are other Runyon guys well portrayed by Leo Carrillo, Shemp Howard, Samuel S. Hinds, Ed Gargan. "Tight Shoes" gets a little corny toward the end; it could have been funnier had a director like Preston Sturges set his imagination to work on it. But Runyon has his adult following who will not be displeased as they chuckle over this brighter side of a slice of life.

The characters in *"Out of the Fog"* might have been thought up by Runyon too. It also tells a story about some little people who revolt against corrupt gangsterdom —but with one major difference in the telling: it is very serious indeed. This drama of Long Island's Sheepshead Bay has excellent sets and a group of fine cinema actors who work well under Antole Litvak's direction. But in spite of a good production, this picture lacks conviction. Its failing is in its plot which was taken, with revisions, from Irwin Shaw's play "The Gentle People." Two quiet, gentle, kindly men (beautifully portrayed by Thomas Mitchell and John Qualen) fall into the evil clutches of a mean, petty extortioner. Again John Garfield makes very real another of his despicable racketeers, but this time the character has no redeeming traits whatsoever. The two men pay their weekly five dollars for Garfield's "protection" of their boat. When Garfield demands more, they have him arrested. Here the story falls down for the first time: without investigation or explanation the Court dismisses the case! Garfield beats up Mitchell with a rubber hose, but Mitchell, strangely enough, fails to tell his daughter who is planning to run away with Garfield. Ida Lupino puts vitality into the rôle of this restless telephone girl who is bored with nice, plodding Eddie Albert and is thrilled by Garfield who is "a bad man, but an exciting man." Then in the film's best scene, while taking a steam bath Mitchell and Qualen plot to murder Garfield. On a dark, foggy night they take him out in their boat. Before they can kill him, Garfield slips and drowns. And then of all things—Mitchell thanks God for intervening in their behalf! Now this film was obviously meant to be taken seriously. But what is its message? That our courts are a fraud, therefore the unprotected gentle people will have to kill their enemies? Or does that "Thank you, God" stuff mean that we should relax; God will step in and kill off the bad people? It is unfortunate that any film as well done as "Out of the Fog" couldn't have gone the whole way and thoughtfully followed through in its reasoning.

It is with regret that I must report that the new Marx Brothers film is most disappointing—regret, because this has been announced as their last film together. And if my favorite comedians must go, they should make their exit with a grand splash and with the rafters ringing with laughter. *"The Big Store"* fusses around too much with its dull story. When I see the Marx Brothers I want to see and hear a lot of the Marx Brothers and I don't want to watch Tony Martin go through musical numbers like "If It's You" or "Tenement Symphony." Neither do I want to watch uninteresting characters toy with a plot that no one cares about anyway. Of course there are some lovely, zany bits in "The Big Store." Groucho, with his usual bent-knee run, pulls off some swell cracks. And there's Margaret Dumont again to express hauteur at his completely irrelevant love-making and nonsense. And there's that Gertrudesteinish scene in which Harpo plays a harp while Harpo plays a violin while Harpo plays a bass viol in a manner to delight anyone's eye and ear. And Chico is around to do his usual American-Italian puns and play his fancy finger exercises on the piano. And there's the mad "Sing While You Sell" number in which Virginia O'Brien with her dead-panned delivery manages to steal the show from even such a veteran trouper as Groucho. And finally there's that utterly insane chase all over the store during which the Marxes use roller skates, bicycles, package carriers, elevators and whatnot to increase the speed of roughneck business. Director Charles Riesner does unbend and let the boys carry on in their best old-time style occasionally. Groucho says as he models clothes, "This would have been in technicolor, but it's too expensive." We don't want you in technicolor or expensive pictures, O Brothers Marx. Just make funny films with your own brand of humor. And come back—for without you, our alley will never be the same.

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Books of the Week

The Poems of Alice Meynell. Oxford. $1.75.

THIS complete edition of Mrs. Meynell's poems belongs to that excellent series known as the "Oxford Editions of Standard Authors." It is produced in a manner that would have delighted the fastidious author on several grounds: the typography seems curiously fitted to

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the personality of the poems and the book was designed by that eminent typophile of the Nonesuch Press, Mr. Francis Meynell, the author's son. The poems are here arranged in order of publication, for the most part; but at the end of the volume, four poems are garnered for the first time from out-of-the-way periodicals where they have been slumbering, and by the kindness of the Rev. Geoffrey Bliss, S.J., five poems are presented from a manuscript hitherto unpublished.

Despite the excellent biographical sketch written a few years ago by Viola Meynell, the comparatively recent date of her death and the numerous brief anecdotes and memoirs contributed by her friends, Mrs. Meynell remains an enigma as a personality. There have been no raucous invasions of her treasured privacy; she remains the calm, almost worshipful lady who was the admired of Francis Thompson, of Coventry Patmore, of George Meredith. Was she a saint, rapt in meditation as some people have said, or a superbly selfish woman? What was she like under the sensitive and somewhat precious shell; or was her manner no shell, but the essential woman? Her poetry, intellectual and lyric, gives us but slight clues. To her family, she was mother and heroine; to her friends she was the object of passionate devotion; to some few, she was a *précieuse* who expressed the old Victorian fustian in a style that had learned everything from the impressionism of the 70's and 80's, from Ruskin and the Pre-Raphaelites.

In this excellent poise and privacy that have defied the efforts of those literary ghoul-critics who search for nothing so much as for the chinks in shining armor, lies the secret of her literary style. She possessed herself, she knew herself profoundly, her personality was her own; she presented a center to the world, referring all mundane affairs to the profound common sense that was hers. As a poet, and she wished to be remembered as a poet, her genius lay in her perfect control of language and her ability to make words do her bidding. She understood the secret of great English verse-making, which is the judicious use of irregularity of accent within a rigid metrical pattern; a variation of texture as Edith Sitwell calls it. The greatest English poets have known and practiced this; Milton in chief, the great Elizabethans, Alexander Pope; in modern times, Christina Rossetti and Walter de la Mare. When English verse becomes perfectly regular and the ear of the poet ceases to discriminate, we get, not a Pope, but a William Whitehead or a Henry James Pye. Mrs. Meynell could judge as well as write; her poems on the laws of verse and the English meters, as well as her numerous prose analyses of the styles of authors, all betray this intense interest in the mechanics of her trade. So it is that her poems are flawless in music and melody, full of grace notes and dying falls, all fully conscious and matters of art.

The subjects of her poems are restricted, classically, to the capacity of her expression. She deals with no large, romantic themes, sprawling and far-flung, that might have urged her into over-expression and vagueness; her work is lapidary, she writes of important things like love and children and faith but only as she realized them fully with her clear and subtle intellect. In her are no enthusiasms that balk expression, nets of Shelleyan weaving to delight the young and unthinking mind. There is a singular consistency in her. Just as her Catholicism was austere and profound, reacting equally from emotionalism and display as from a Jansenistic gloom, so was her art. She plays down her effects deliberately. As Francis Thompson said, reviewing her volume of 1893, "The footfalls of her muse, waken, not sounds but silences. We lift a feather from the marsh and say, 'This way went a heron.'"

The very qualities we have attributed to her poetry distinguish her prose. Her essays are not so much essays as notes for poems, requiring only metrical expression to flower. Mr. Osbert Burdett calls her prose "self-conscious," but is not all great prose that very thing? In a fine essay of appreciation, Mr. Dixon Scott remarked:

> (Her prose) is the very opposite of "fine-writing," for fine-writing is a way of rising from earth into an emotional vagueness; and the quality of this work is that it takes a vague emotion and reduces it to a delicate, definite set of precisely traced responses and laws.

And again,

> Her figures are not pathetic fallacies. They are simply splendid facts; and the whole essay is a circumstantial statement. It is a statement made precisely in words of normal size and frequency of an experience open to us all, and gaining its beauty, its significance, its immortal claim upon the memory, from the application to that experience of the poised and perfect senses required to deal so delicately with words.

If style be the perfect equation of matter and manner, Mrs. Meynell ranks high among the stylists. Impressionism touched her, as it did every writer of her time, but her impressionism was her strength. It was with her a means, not an end, and led her to that distinction of perception which led Meredith to say of her prose that "it springs imagination with a word or a phrase." Note the singular number of the articles, the insistence on the economy of art. There is no finer example of such economy than the concluding stanza of her poem, "The Lady Poverty."

To Catholic writers, the absence of parochialism in her work is a portent and should be an inspiration. Too many of us think of Catholic Action in terms of hitting somebody, literally or figuratively, over the head. The poised, balanced Catholicism of Alice Meynell did not demand respect through the medium of words, it compelled it; her absorption in her work, her home, her family, politics and feminism, established her equally a citizen of the world as of the City of God.

J. G. E. HOPKINS.

THE WAR

England Is My Village. *John Llewelyn Rhys.* ***Reynal.*** **$2.00.**

THE LITERATURE of air flight is pathetically meager. Of blood-and-thunder accounts of air battles, of savorless accounts of trick flying, filled with technical or hypertechnical references, there are plenty, but in all that has been published about flying to date, it seems to me that only three men have written consistently well of it. William Faulkner in "Pylon"; the English critic, David Garnett, in his strange little novelette, "The Grasshoppers Come"; and Antoine de St. Exupéry in everything he has written. There are other isolated instances: Francis Vivian Drake in his short story "Test Pilot," and the Irishman, Francis Stuart, in small parts of his novel "Try The Sky." But generally what there is to read of flying gives us no real feel of it, to say nothing of its mysticism.

This posthumously published volume of short stories

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and sketches was written by an R.A.F. pilot, killed in action last summer. Some of them were written before the war, some during it. All of them concern flying. In general they fall between the two rough divisions of the literature of flight, being considerably below Faulkner, St. Exupéry and Garnett, but well above the I-pulled-into-a-whip-stall boys.

Sensitive, observant but essentially shallow, Rhys has still managed to give us the first fictional account of what it is like to serve in the R.A.F. The title story is the best, telling with accuracy if lack of emotional intensity what it is like to go on a bombing raid at night. The rather sentimental conception of death which mars the end is characteristic of all the stories. The reader must fetch the good parts out of a welter of sentiment.

The book has value, though, as the first of its kind, although one can be as sure as one can be of anything that out of the R.A.F. will come in time something really epic. A small group of men cannot hold civilization, or the world, together, without one of them sooner or later being touched by greatness and finally giving that greatness expression in an artistic form. HARRY SYLVESTER.

BIOGRAPHY

Sir Richard Burton's Wife. Jean Burton. Knopf. $3.00.

"PAY-PACK-FOLLOW," the succinct directions, famous in my youth as epitomizing the Burton conception of wifely duty, is not quoted in the new biography written by a collateral descendant of the great orientalist and explorer. As the present generation are not likely to have read Lady Burton's life of Sir Richard, they should find entertainment and profit in meeting a couple who shame the nervous fidgeting of the twentieth century by their astounding industry and constructive and discriminating energy. The Burtons' habit was to rise at four in the morning to start work on their correspondence, the new languages they were continually studying and the mss. of their twenty-eight books. Their romance has the same gambit of brilliance as the Brownings; their lives followed much the same pattern as Talbot and Violet Clifton.

The psychic element which so fascinated them, began with the horoscope made by a gypsy, Hagar Burton, which foretold that Isabel Arundell would one day bear a gypsy name and that her life would be all change and adventure —one soul in two bodies. One day, when she was twenty, walking in Boulogne with her sister, Isabel passed Richard Burton. "That man will marry me," she whispered. Very tall, dark with burning eyes, Richard had spent six years in the army in India learning Sanskrit, Persian, Arabic and Hindustani. Before they were to meet again he was to make his spectacular pilgrimage in disguise to Mecca and just escape death in Harar in Somaliland while Isabel, refusing to consider the passionate advances of a Russian and an American millionaire, waited and prayed. At last, five years later, in the Botanical Gardens in London, the Misses Arundell again encountered Richard. Isabel had in her hand Disraeli's "Tancred." They began to discuss the East and after a fortnight of Bontanical walks were engaged just before Richard rushed off for three years to explore central Africa and discover Lake Tanganyika.

Another year was spent in trying to win the Arundells' consent, but, after a side trip by Richard to the Mormons in Utah, Isabel capitulated to an elopement. Not even marriage, however, could prevent continued separation, as Burton's first Consulate was at Fernando Po, known in the service as "The Grave" and then, not until 1865, fifteen years after Boulogne, did Mrs. Burton sail (with fifty-nine trunks) to join her husband in their first home at Santos in Brazil. There she began to tame Richard, nursed his fevers, became an intimate of the Empress and made several trips by herself through the jungle. It was Mrs. Burton who won for them both the desire of their dreams, the Consulate at Damascus. "How can I ever tear the East out of my heart?" cried Isabel two years later, on hearing the disastrous news of their recall.

During the eighteen years of their "exile" in Trieste, they published sixteen books of travel, translated together Camões' "Lusiad" and, while Lady Burton founded a Humane Society, Sir Richard edited his notorious translation of The Arabian Nights. Specializing in erotica and sexual customs, the Burton footnotes have never been edifying for the general public. When he died, he left to his wife a ms. of a Persian poem with copious notes; she decided it might too easily be exploited for corrupt purposes and burned it, thereby earning much literary obliquy. True to Arundell tradition, Lady Burton was a Catholic, and her faith was both serene and tolerant. Sir Richard liked to call himself a Mohammedan, but ended by wearing a scapular. Extreme Unction was given him, "si vivis," as he lay unconscious, and he was buried with the full rites of the Church—which caused another stormy controversy.

Miss Jean Burton writes with Burton vigor and, like former Burtons, she resents the spiritual solidarity and social aloofness of the old English Catholic society; inclines to doubt Burton's conversion and to have a laugh at Isabel. But such is the candid passion and generosity of Lady Burton that her own humility triumphs. "Never to hear a cry of distress from man or beast without responding to it" was no mere motto. Whether it were jungle or desert, an Arab ship or the streets of London, she defended the weak and with her own hands fed the hungry and doctored the sick. It is true her sentiment was as overwhelming as the knick-nacks and souvenirs which overflowed her trunks and her drawing-room; she was frank in preferring Bedouins or fishwives to middle class society; she rioted in royalty; never stirred without a lady's maid but would have tended a sick cat in a throne-room. "I am waiting for the tinkle of his camel bells," she wrote, as a widow, and built Richard a mausoleum in the form of an Arab tent. The marble tent is indigestible family food for Miss Burton, but we guarantee that the devout Lady Burton who accepted as her husband's best friends, Swinburne and Ouida, will become a stimulating and popular companion to many new acquaintances.

E. V. R. WYATT.

CRITICISM

On Literature Today. Van Wyck Brooks. Dutton. $1.

THIS little book is in reality a commencement address, a most timely tract for this June, although delivered in October, 1940, at the inauguration of George Shuster as President of Hunter College. It avoids, however, the comfortable platitudes which are the convention of the form; and it is no occasional piece, gracefully adequate for the moment and then dead, but rather a lasting challenge to the young of our time. For this address is not

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concerned with the commencement of life by still another academic generation; rather with the commencement of a new era in American literature.

It is unjust to compress an already highly compressed argument, but some notice of it may be given in short compass. Brooks opens with a defense of letters in our "time of great confusion," quoting Leopardi's dictum that "In literature alone the regeneration of our country can have a substantial beginning." He finds American writers more brilliantly gifted with talent and genius and better known in the world at large than ever before, but he deplores their view of life as "a dark little pocket," which reminds him of Chekhov's "Lift the robe of our muse and you will find within an empty void." In this fatalistic school he places Joyce, Eliot, Hemingway, Wolfe, Dos Passos, O'Neill, Dreiser, Farrell, and Faulkner. In the opposite camp, among those who retain their idealism and their belief in the goodness of human nature despite their realistic approach, he singles out Robert Frost and Lewis Mumford. Though there are other notables in this second company, he regrets that a survey of modern literature suggests, in Yeats' words:

> The best lack all conviction, while the worst
> Are full of passionate intensity.

He deplores, too, the suspension of moral considerations and judgment in criticism, which has become overly preoccupied with form at the expense of substance. He finds an explanation for the "death-drive" of so many modern writers in the fact that they express the mood of a world between two wars, to which progress and idealism have become bad jokes, and in which the literary pendulum has swung from a Victorian smug optimism to a bitter, realistic pessimism. Much of the blame he lays upon the American expatriate intellectuals, who in their frantic flight from the provincialism of their birthplaces destroyed themselves spiritually, losing their roots and their heritage and finding nothing to replace these well springs of the human spirit save a shallow adolescent cynicism, which to Brooks is characteristic of most of the best writers of our day. He finds, however, that their fatalism indicates a fundamental idealism, strangely inverted by disillusionment, and he believes that this trend of thought may prove beneficial in the end, for "The ideal has often been maintained by those who denied it in their youth; and while there are no St. Augustines in my generation, or any John Bunyans that I know of, I think the mind of the country, as a whole has had its adolescence in our time, old as the sections were, the South, New England. It has gone through terrible growing pains, but the nation will be, in consequence, more mature."

He sees the reaction against the defeatist mind already well advanced, and invokes William James's (to whom the address clearly owes much) rejoinder to the earlier expatriates; "Europe has been made what it is by men staying in their homes and fighting stubbornly, generation after generation, for all the beauty, comfort and order they have got. We must abide and do the same."

This little book is at once a battle cry against the mortmain of yesterday and a trumpet call heralding tomorrow, which may be America's, as other eras were Greece's, Rome's, and Britain's. It is an affirmation of human dignity and sanity in a world gone mad and bent on self-destruction; and in itself it is a justification of the craft to which Van Wyck Brooks has given himself so unsparingly.

MASON WADE.

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The Inner Forum

THE FORMAL OPENING of the ninth National Eucharistic Congress at St. Paul, Minn., was a solemn pontifical Mass with the Papal Legate, Cardinal Dougherty of Philadelphia, as the celebrant. The scene of these impressive ceremonies was the state fair grounds midway between St. Paul and Minneapolis, which had been converted into a National Eucharistic Center. The first of these national congresses to be held in the United States took place in Washington, D. C., in 1895, and they have been held at irregular intervals since then. There was a considerable gap between the congress held in Cincinnati in 1911 and the next one, which took place in Omaha in 1930. The Cleveland congress followed in 1935; the New Orleans congress in 1938.

The International Eucharistic Congress is of somewhat longer standing. The first of these, organized largely through the inspiration of Bishop Gaston de Ségur, was held at Lille, France, in 1881. During the next decade these gatherings took place in France, Belgium or Switzerland, but in 1893 Jerusalem witnessed this homage to the Blessed Sacrament. At this congress reunion of the East and West was warmly advocated. The next year, at Reims, study of the social question formed a part of the deliberations for the first time. At the congress in London (1908), a papal legate visited England for the first time in 350 years. Catholics from all parts of the world traveled to international gatherings at Montreal (1910), Vienna (1912), Malta (1913), Chicago (1926), Sydney, Australia (1928), Carthage (1930), Dublin (1932), Buenos Aires (1934), Manila (1937) and Budapest (1938). The 35th International Eucharistic Congress was to have been held at Nice last year.

In addition to giving public demonstration of Catholic devotion to the mystery of the Holy Eucharist and belief in the Real Presence of Jesus Christ in the Blessed Sacrament, these congresses focus attention on the problem of increasing the devotion of the faithful. The spread of such organizations as the Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament and the wider practice of frequent Communion in comparatively recent years owe much to the assembling of these inspiring national and international congresses.

CONTRIBUTORS

Don Luigi STURZO was secretary of the Italian Popular Party; he is at present living in the United States. His most recent book was entitled "Church and State."

T. D. LYONS, formerly a district judge, is now an attorney in Tulsa, Oklahoma. His memoirs of earlier days in the Dakotas have appeared in these pages before.

Theodore M. AVERY, Jr., is a student of anthropology and ethnology.

Rev. Edwin RYAN, D.D., is a member of the Catholic University in Washington, where he is Professor of South American Church History, and Executive Secretary of the Institute of Ibero-American Studies. Among his contributions to Latin American studies is his work, "The Church and the Latin American Republics."

Harry SYLVESTER writes short stories for various magazines and has just completed a novel.

E. V. R. WYATT is the dramatic critic of the *Catholic World*.

Mason WADE is an author and critic who lives in Vermont and has written a successful life of Margaret Fuller.

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